

"THE BABES IN THE WOODS"

(BIG PINK FLAT, 1871.)

"Something characteristic," eh?
 "Humph! I reckon you mean by that,
 something that happened in our way,
 here at the crossing of Big Pink Flat.
 Time isn't now as they used to be,
 When gold was flush and the boys were
 frisky.
 And a man would pull out his battery
 For anything—may be the price of whisky.
 Nothing of that sort, eh? That's strange.
 Why, I thought you might be diverted,
 during the Jones at the Unconquered."
 "And saying, 'What will you have it?' shot
 Charles Bob at the last, belated!"
 "What was the question? I forgot!"
 "Jones didn't like Bob's way of stating,
 ohing of that kind, eh? You mean
 something milder? Let's see—Oh, Joe!
 all to the stranger that little scene in
 out of the 'Babes in the Woods.' You know
 'Babes' was the name that we gave him, sir,
 Two lean lads in their teens, and green
 Soft and low in his speech, but the boys
 Talking with us; and we didn't care
 To get at their secret at all unfairly.
 For they were so quiet, so sad and shy,
 Content to trust each other solely,
 That neither of them could see the eye,
 And never seem to observe them wholly,
 As they passed to their work. Two a woman
 out claim."
 "And it paid them grub. They could live
 without it."
 "For the boys had a way of leaving game
 In their tent, and forgetting all about it."
 "Yes, no one asked for their secret. Dumb it
 lay in their big eyes' heavy hollows.
 It was understood that no one should come
 To their tent unawares, save the bees and
 swallows.
 So they lived alone. Until one warm night
 I was sitting here in the tent-door, so, sir,
 When out of the sunset's ray light
 Up rose the sheriff of Mariposa.
 I knew at once there was something wrong.
 For his hand and his voice shook just a little,
 And there in the tent he found them lying
 To make the shivers of Jack Hill brittle.
 "Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;
 "Tell 'em I'm coming—go get and hurry."
 For I've got a story that's bad and worse,
 I've got a warrant; G-d-d-n-it, hurry!"

Too late! they had seen him across the hill,
 And the sun that shone in the light
 Dead in each other's arms, and still
 Clinging the drug they had taken flying.
 And there in the tent he found them lying
 To make the shivers of Jack Hill brittle.
 "Go warn the Babes!" he whispered, hoarse;
 "Tell 'em I'm coming—go get and hurry."
 For I've got a story that's bad and worse,
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MISCELLANEOUS DRIFT.

GENERAL NOTES.

Which is the wickedest portion of America?
 Why, Sin-sin-naughty, to be sure.
 The temperance convention recently held
 in Kentucky was lacking in numbers as
 well as spirit.

"A butcher recently found a shawl pin in a
 cow he was cutting up into steaks. It is
 supposed the animal had swallowed a milk-
 maid."

It is Louisville now that is afflicted with a
 fog.—She can't see why she should be com-
 pelled to pay one-third of the entire taxes of
 Kentucky.

The Louisville Courier-Journal does not
 number George Washington in its acquaint-
 ances. No wonder! He was a man who
 could not tell a lie.

The Mikado of Japan rejoices in the posses-
 sion of a specially imported Georgia mul-
 let. It isn't the first time a jackass has repre-
 sented us at a foreign court, but this one isn't a
 brother-in-law.

There are seventy bald headed men in
 congress, from which fact one infers that if
 these men's wives presided over the de-
 cisions of the nation, they would be settled
 a little more readily and certainly than at
 present.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will
 make a state entry into London after their
 marriage. The Queen herself is favorable to
 this idea, but it has met with some unex-
 pected opposition from other persons in
 high quarters.

A telegraph messenger boy got his dis-
 patches mixed the other day, and handed a
 jockey a telegram which read: "Can you
 supply our pulpit next Sunday?" and to a
 well known clergyman a dispatch which read:
 "The race is postponed till Monday.
 Can't you come down and spend Sunday?"

A distinguished German surgeon named
 Remarch has invented a process whereby
 amputation of the limbs may be performed
 bloodlessly, by applying elastic bandages to
 the limbs above the point of operation.
 The method has been successfully tried in
 England.

"In life's great game of poker," as the
 aged minister tearfully observed in his fun-
 eral discourse, "our deceased brother has
 thrown down his hand, which, permit me
 to say, brethren, was equal to four aces
 and a queen—he has surrendered his chips,
 drained his glass to the dregs, and walked
 out."

Professor Marsh, of Yale College, called on
 Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, in New Haven,
 last Friday, and renewed the acquaintance
 formed years ago on the plains of the far
 west. The Indians call the professor the
 "great bone picker." The recently reported
 murder of "Jack" by "Bill" thus proves un-
 founded.

There are three things in the career of a
 successful politician that always have a pro-
 found effect upon the public mind. First,
 the impunity with which he steals. Second,
 the mystery of his conviction by a jury of
 his intelligent countrymen; and third, his
 subsequent impressions of Canada.—Brooklyn
 Argus.

"We understand," says a London paper,
 "that the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, an
 American theologian, long resident at Ber-
 lin, and author of a recent work on 'Church
 and State in America,' has been invited to
 address the meeting, over which Earl Rus-
 sell will preside, to express sympathy with
 the German government in its struggle with
 Ultramontanism."

It now appears by the Almanach de Gotha
 of 1874 that in 1572 King Victor Emmanuel
 was, by "a marriage of convenience," united
 to Rosina, Countess of Mirafiori. A Paris
 paper recently published that a son of the king
 and Rosina had been born, and that the king
 had been born an infant. To this grand-
 child the king sent valuable gifts.

The jubilee singers have received a very
 kind testimonial from John Bright. Speak-
 ing of their intended visit to Birmingham he
 says: "I hope Birmingham will receive them
 kindly, for your great city showed a wise
 and hearty sympathy with the United
 States during the great struggle which de-
 livered the slaves from their bondage. The
 mission of these singers is one deserving of
 all support, and I feel very certain it will
 find a multitude of friends in Birmingham."

THE ANDERSON HOMICIDE.

OPENING THE CASE.

POPULAR SENTIMENT.

FLUCTUATION IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT—THE

SENTIMENT PRO AND CON—A MORE

RATIONAL STATE OF MIND.

(From a Special Correspondent of the Sentinel.)

ANDERSON, IND., Jan. 21.—The painful ex-

cellent which overwhelmed the commu-

nity a week ago, has at last not entirely

subsided. The public feeling, which was

wrought up almost to a frenzy, has become

settled down to a quiet realization of the

horrible tragedy which has thrilled the

whole country. The people are beginning

to look upon it in more of a matter of fact

way, instead of lamenting the calamity and

raving at the perpetrator of the deed as at

first. They no longer wring their hands in

sorrow at their loss and in sympathy for the

bereaved; they are becoming reconciled to

the great shock, though there still is and

ever will be a shocked remembrance of the

bloody tragedy. They are no longer dis-

mayed at the deed, but they are turning

their thoughts and attention to the principal

actor, not with the spirit of ungovernable

passion which existed a few days ago, but

rather with a hope that impartial justice

may be meted out. Though there is lacking

everything that savors of lawlessness, there

exists a strong feeling against Corwin, while

there is to some extent a disposition to jus-

tify the firing of the fatal shots. Every man

has his prejudice in favor or against the ac-

cused man, and I have not yet seen a man

who is neutral on the subject. Indeed if the

preliminary examination should go against

Corwin, it would not be possible in this coun-

try to impel a jury. The general thought

and expression is that the belief that he will

be acquitted is prevalent even to some ex-

tent among his enemies.

A BROKEN FESTIVAL.

While coming down on the train this

morning I met H. M. Barnside, whose wife

is a sister of Mrs. Stilwell. He describes the

affair as most heart-rending to the family

and friends of the deceased. A family re-

union was to have been held at his (Mr.

Barnside's) house near Fairland, and a part

of the guests had assembled there the night

before, when the terrible intelligence was

brought that Mr. B. expected to see his son

in the strongest terms when alluding to

the great inequality of the sizes of the two

men, Corwin and Stilwell, the former being

probably strong enough to hold the latter at

arm's length—that a man of

such stalwart proportions should be killed by

one so insignificant in size, and deliberately

shoot him twice in the head, was without

the least palliation or excuse. The status of

the popular feeling is about this: Every

one belongs to one of two parties. One

party, the friends of Stilwell—claim that it

was Corwin's calm and deliberate intention

to shoot Stilwell; that he had, by stratagem,

brought about the very opportunity he de-

sired to carry into execution his purpose;

that it was his object to get Stilwell into his

arms, and by exciting and exaggerating his

passion, to get him to commence the assault,

when he would then give the finishing blow.

The greatest fault found against

Corwin is that he fired the second shot. The

very evidence that he intended to make

sure of the deed, was that he fired the second

shot, in the fact that he fired the second

shot, though the first ball would have carried

death to the unfortunate Stilwell. On the other

hand the favoring party claims that Cor-

win could not have done other than he did,

and that the second shot was fired under the

impulse of the moment, Corwin was scarcely

conscious of; also that he had continually

been subject to threats of violence from

Stilwell, against whom he was finally com-

pelled to defend himself, and in this de-

fense Stilwell had fallen. The latter view

is of much interest manifest in the prelimi-

nary examination, and there is a great deal

of speculation as to its result.

THE STORY OF THE HOUR.

One o'clock was the hour set for the trial,

and the case, as you may suppose, was suf-

ficient to draw out a great throng. The

sheriff and deputies have been very busy in

the summoning of witnesses, there being as

many probably as twenty-five, who have

been summoned. Besides this the city is

crowded with people in attendance upon the

trial, including countrymen from far and

near, who seem to take great interest in the

matter, as Col. Stilwell was considered among

their best and fastest friends. At one o'clock

I found considerable difficulty

in entering the hall, as the justice had

decided to exclude the crowd from the

court—a decision subsequently reversed,

when the throng broke in with a mighty

rush, like the breaking of many waters.

The rush was terrific, and the hall, a very

small room in size, was filled in an in-

stant. The crowd was dense, and had it

not been for Mr. Stephen Metcalf, of the

Herald, I should have been unable to

get a seat. The reporters' tables were

on the right hand side of the hall, and the

witnesses and there were twenty or thirty

absolutely quiet reigned throughout the

absorbed, dense crowd. Immediately in front

of the justice were seated the attorneys em-

ployed in the investigation. These consist-

ed of Major Gordon, Milton R. Anderson and

General Samuel Cary, a relative of the

well family, for the state, and General Har-

ison, and J. W. Stansbury for the defense.

The accused was seated to the left of the

justice's seat, in company with his brother,

S. V. Corwin and Mr. E. F. Fisher. There

was nothing in his outward appearance to

indicate that he was one above whom so

grave an investigation was being held. Were

his countenance not so familiar to the large

crowd there would have been nothing in it

to betray the man guilty of the charge made

against him. Only in one instance was there

any thing marked in his conduct to in-

dicate his fallings. That was when a

note or letter was brought into the

court room and handed to him. For an in-

stant his face betrayed an unmistakable

emotion of dismay, if not absolute terror, as

if he had read some painful news. What the

letter contained it is impossible to conjecture.

He instantly got up and removed to

another part of the room. This outward be-

trayal of his inward feelings lasted but for

the moment, and it was not long before

he recovered his accustomed placidity.

THE DRAMA REHEARSED.

The witnesses were finally sworn in and

separated. The task was an unpleasant one

for Justice Asa Pratt, as both the men were

his neighbors, and the palpable embarrass-

ment displayed was very natural under the

circumstances. The first witness examined

was George R. Rittenhouse, of Indianapolis,

who took the witness seat and passed

through the ordeal with but little if any out-

ward display. As his testimony is next in

importance to that of Corwin himself, having

witnessed the struggle, I give it substan-

tially in full.

AN EYE WITNESS.

AN EMPLOYEE OF CORWIN—HE SAW THE

DEED.—Mr. H. J. Burr was the next witness called,

and preserved a calm demeanor throughout the ex-

amination, though he was inclined to be somewhat

uncommunicative.

I reside in this city; am a manufacturer, of the

firm of John E. Corwin, Joseph J. Burr, Neil C.

Kellogg, Dr. C. S. Burr, Henry C. Blasco; have

no other business associations.

Quainted with John E. Corwin; have

known him ever since I came to town

and have never had any business relations

with him in his life. I have had business

connections with various men, and am still

in business with him. On the afternoon of the

14th day of the present month, I first went to

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